



Traded Souls



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Chapter 1 by Jasmyne Le

My grandmother used to tell me stories when I was little. She used to tell in her wonderful and weathered portuguese accent stories that had long since been forgotten from age and time. She told of said olden days, the age when the angels lived in the mortal realms.

She told how they were beings of no other power and wisdom ever before seen in the world. Their wings were as large as the sky it seemed and they sparkled like diamonds, their eyes were as dark as the depths of the ocean.

Humans and angels used to live in harmony, until of course the war of Evernow.

The war of evernow was the largest war ever between the angels and the humans, many angels fought on both sides. In the end the angels won, and as a result two things happened. The first one was that angels were banned from ever staying in the mortal realm ever again, and no human was allowed in the angel realm. The second was that the angels who had betrayed the others were condemned to the mortal realm and below.

These angels were called fallen angels, the broken, the bruised, and the shamed all lost forever. Their wings were forever bent, and they could never fly again. The only way you could tell that they had once flown were their eyes, dark as night.

Of course I never believed in them, until I met one.

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